

THE  
HASSAYAMPAR  
AND OTHER VERSE

ED WARREN



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THE HASSAYAMPAR  
AND OTHER VERSE





✓  
*The*  
HASSAYAMPAR

*And Other Verse*

By ED WARREN ✓



LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA  
EDWARD B. WARREN  
PUBLISHER

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DEDICATED IN COMRADESHIP

*To those who chase the rainbow  
Over sea and mountain trail,  
Or think a path to freedom  
Past Convention's rigid pale.*







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## OPPORTUNITY

She paused beside the busy man  
To tell him what she saw  
Along the trail where others fail;  
But when she tried to draw  
His thoughts aside and then confide  
The golden hopes she bore,  
He shook her off with thoughtless scoff  
And drove her from his door.

A doubting soul was passing by  
With halting pace and slow,  
And when she ran to show her plan  
He said, "Well, I don't know;"  
Then sought advice like fools and mice  
From those as blind as he.  
Then when too late he cursed his fate,  
For out of reach was she.

## OPPORTUNITY

She also met a youthful man  
With self-assertion filled,  
Exuding lore from every pore  
And wisdom twice distilled.  
He said he couldn't waste his time  
On every passing jade  
To hear details of fairy tales—  
He had his plans all made.

She halted near a business man  
Who bustled forth to say,  
“Well, what's your trick? Let's have it quick;  
This is my busy day.”  
“You're not the kind! You're far too blind!”  
Said she, “You need a shock  
To make your selfish heart be still  
Before you'll hear me knock.”

One day she met a timid man  
From whom all joy had fled,  
In prudent fears up to his ears  
He floundered on ahead.  
But when he heard her speak the word  
That showed a brighter way  
His fear took hold and stunned him cold—  
Of course, she couldn't stay!

## OPPORTUNITY

Ambitious rascals lay in wait  
That she might not escape,  
And in their sordid souls was sin,  
And in their reins was rape.  
But when they grasped to hold her fast  
They clutched elusive air.  
She turned her head as on she sped  
And mocked at their despair.

At last she met a care-free man  
Who toiled with happy face,  
“And now,” said she, “I think I see  
A chance to state my case.”  
So when she came and called his name  
He answered on the spot,  
With ready heart to play his part  
All other things forgot.

She spoke in whispers soft and low;  
He heard without demur;  
Then on she walked and planned and talked  
While he kept pace with her.  
She led him to the open door  
Where all things wait to bless  
With fortune fair all those who dare  
The mountain of success.

## THE HASSAYAMPAR

Such a cheerful pal, was Navajo Al,  
On the trail in rain or shine!  
I have seen him curst with the desert thirst,  
But I never heard him whine.  
When the grub was low we would sometimes go  
With empty bellies to bed;  
But his heart was game; he would smile the same  
Were it famine, bones or bread.

He so often spoke of the legend joke  
From an Arizona camp,  
That, "They never can tell the truth again  
Who drink from the Hassayamp'."  
From the tales he told of his search for gold,  
I was often led to think  
He had made his camp on the Hassayamp'  
And had tarried there to drink.



## THE HASSAYAMPAR

On the gloomy days just his cheery ways  
Were sermons of faith and hope.  
He'd picture a view (that was partly true)  
And trim it with "Lost Mine" dope,  
Til your step grew light with a vision bright  
Of a canyon deep and strange,  
Where the high-grade ore and the float galore  
Lay over a distant range.

He's a handy man at the frying pan  
With pancakes, bacon or trout;  
Just done to a turn—not even a burn,  
And hot when he takes them out.  
A mulligan cook, he don't need a book,  
(They're no use under the sun)  
He knows by the smell when it's doing well  
And by the taste when it's done.

With a powerful glass from a mountain pass  
He would search the vales below  
Til he found the source of a watercourse,  
Or springs where the tules grow.  
When the burros strayed he has often made  
A hike of many a mile;  
He'd follow their track clear to Hell and back,  
Then bring them in with a smile.

## THE HASSAYAMPAR

He will salt a mine, and can do it fine,  
For the idle rich to buy;  
Then he'll haste to feed some comrade in need,  
Or drink with a tramp that's dry.  
He fans into flames all the faro games  
On the days that he blows in,  
While the harlots cling to his arm to sing  
Their seductive songs of sin.

Now our tents and things were at Cactus Springs;  
We had just returned that day  
From a dusty tramp to a nameless camp  
About twenty miles away.  
He was thinking hard when he said, "Say, pard,  
I'm planning a little game  
To get the goat of that Goldfield bloat  
For jumping the Dead Horse Claim."

Then he made a hike to a porph'ry dike  
Just about a mile away,  
And a tunnel old that was dug for gold  
On a ledge too lean to pay;  
But he cleaned it out and he drilled about  
A couple of holes or more.  
I grinned when he spilled in the holes he drilled  
A handful of Mohawk ore.

## THE HASSAYAMPAR

With a wary eye for that expert guy  
Who was list'ning near the door,  
He said to the bunch, "I sure have a hunch  
That I'm close to high-grade ore."  
'Twas plain to be seen the victim was keen  
To bite if the strike was real.  
But Al was no fool; he said rather cool,  
"Examine it first, then deal."

He drilled it a bit, then scraped out of it  
A sample before the eyes  
Of the mining man with leggings of tan,  
And the schemes so worldly wise.  
On terms they agreed; then made out a deed,  
First payment was made on same,  
That would amply square, leaving some to spare,  
The loss of The Dead Horse Claim.

When the frosts drew near and we sought the cheer  
Of the greasewood fire at night,  
He would gush and glow about Mexico  
Til he filled me with delight.  
It was all so real with that summer feel  
My pipe fell out of my mouth,  
And I said, "Let's git! Let us pack our kit  
And enquire which way is south."

## THE HASSAYAMPAR

Near the camp were some with a visage glum  
From dread of the coming cold;  
All their cheerless schemes and their nightmare dreams  
Were of fuel and clothes and gold.  
But we felt no chill, our hearts were athrill  
With luring summerland lore  
As we hit the trail with a cheerful hail,  
While our hopes led on before.

How I longed to camp on the Hassayamp'  
And drink of the waters clear;  
Where the liar's joy is to be a boy  
Filled full of fairyland cheer!  
With a heart so light and a faith so bright  
Our souls forgive us our sins,  
And we feel no wrong as we live the song  
Of here, where heaven begins!

It isn't the lies that I so despise,  
If the heart with goodwill sings,  
But the claw and tooth of a deadly truth  
When it bites, and sneers, and stings.

It's the motive measures the good or ill  
And not the words of the song;  
A lie that is bright may often be right  
When a tattling truth is wrong.



## ENCHANTED LANDS

A lonely herder boy would flee  
To lands of fruit and flowers rare,  
Where mockingbird and droning bee  
Gave hints of love and leisure fair.  
He'd live beyond the mountain side,  
Where sunlit wavelets kiss the sand  
And pleasure-laden vessels glide  
Like Phantoms in a fairyland.

A fisher boy with heart of fire  
Of Western life and freedom reads,  
And mingling will with warm desire  
He speaks aloud of future deeds:  
"I'll mine for gold; I'll ride the range;  
I'll camp with men who do and dare;  
I'll search the canyons deep and strange,  
And loot them of their treasures rare."

## ENCHANTED LANDS

The herder boy dwelt near the main;  
His back was bent; his hair was gray.  
He blamed the wind; he blamed the rain,  
While mending nets one stormy day.  
He sighed to see that humble spot,  
His mountain home so far away,  
Where boats and fish and nets were not,  
And life was young and work was play.

The fisher boy had paused to rest  
Beside his latest prospect hole,  
And puffed his ancient pipe with zest  
While visions o'er his fancy stole  
Of sea gulls poised on graceful wing.  
He longed to grasp the sturdy oar  
And note the heaving billows fling  
Their spray upon his native shore.

When years and miles hover and spread out their wings,  
They soften the outlines of time-distant things.  
When young, the far future all pleasures may hold,  
For which we yearn youthward when once we are old.  
Blame not the dim trail for our losing the way,  
But turn the love-light on the path of today,  
For working and loving will keep the heart sweet  
And send forth a glow on the trail at our feet.

## A SUNDAY SCRAPE

'Twas Easter Day, and our plans we made,  
(Darby and me and Charlie McWade)  
To go to the beach and spend the day  
In proper Robinson Crusoe way.  
We swiped some eggs; what a jolly joke!  
And pipes, for we were learning to smoke,  
And in my pocket I slyly slid  
A junior version of Captain Kidd.

We built a fire on the sandy shore,  
And talked of pirates and gold galore;  
Of waving palms and cannibal chiefs,  
And buried treasure and coral reefs.  
We gave details of what we could do  
With a clipper ship and a trusty crew;  
We swore we'd all run away to sea—  
Charlie McWade, and Darby and me.

## A SUNDAY SCRAPE

'Bout a hundred yards from where we sat  
Was a grove of sugar maples that  
Was dotted with pails, and pots and pans  
To catch the sap; so we made our plans  
To pack the juice to the beach below.  
“Let us boil it down before we go,  
Then we’ll ‘sugar off’ in style,” said we—  
Darby, and Charlie McWade and me.

We thought that Old Grimes had gone to town,  
So we would be safe while boiling down,  
Then I was perched on a leaning tree  
Over the water where I could see;  
Then if he returned to spoil our fun  
We’d all have plenty of time to run.  
We boiled the stuff til syrup was made—  
Me and Darby and Charlie McWade.

Oh, faithless picket! Oh, careless guard!  
With a coyote howl and running hard,  
Old Grimes came panting in hot pursuit,  
And gave us no time to taste our loot.  
When I got down from my sentry perch  
My pals were gone and me in the lurch.  
Oh, the apprehensive speed I made  
After Darby and Charlie McWade!

## A SUNDAY SCRAPE

Up to the road I led the chase,  
While close behind with crime in his face  
Came Retribution and Vengeance dire,  
When I saw a pool of muck and mire  
Fragrant and froggy with April slimes—  
Oh, what a landing for Mister Grimes!  
Who was that laughed from the wooded shade?  
Maybe Darby or Charlie McWade.

No time to fret or parley with fear!  
The boys were gone and Old Grimes was near.  
When he clutched at me in grasping ire  
I dropped on all fours before the mire.  
Over my back he tripped with a dash,  
To rise and spit and splutter and splash.  
He favored me with a choice tirade—  
Also Darby and Charlie McWade.

He shook his coat with a slap and slam  
And scorched his lips with many a damn.  
I paused for breath between laugh and scare,  
Then sought seclusion in thickets where  
With grinning face and shivering spine  
I disappeared in the scrubby pine.  
Oh, the pranks we hatched among us three—  
Charlie McWade and Darby and me!



## THE BONDMEN

When our golden hoard is securely stored  
How we circle the earth to buy,  
Or with coin beguile the elusive smile  
Of the vagrant sauntering by.  
What a price we'd pay for a single day  
To sit as a barefooted boy  
And dangle our toes where the river flows—  
Just fishing, with heart full of joy!

How the spirit palls at our loveless calls!  
How our souls cry ever for air  
From the nervous pace that belines the face  
With the symbol of sulky care!  
How we'd bunch it all just to heed the call  
Of a land undeeded and wild,  
With a carefree head on a restful bed  
Just to sleep as a little child!



## THE BONDMEN

Oh, the mansions great where we live in state,  
What a prison of gilded care!  
How false are the wiles of the fawning smiles  
And the butler's dignified air!  
When collared and cuffed and vanity-puffed  
To do a society stunt  
How we'd love to stroll where the breakers roll  
With our shirts unbuttoned in front!

Such a burden clings to our surplus things  
That our bread seems almost a stone,  
Like a hungry hope on a picket rope  
Bound fast by the things that we own.  
How our hearts grow sore from the things we store  
Lest the rainy days prevail!  
Like a dog alone with a fragrant bone  
Attached to his comfortless tail.

Poor Atlas of old with his task to hold  
Our troublesome world on his back  
Could never be free, no more than can we  
With ownership cares in our sack.  
In a Pullman car we may travel far  
And leave it with never a fear  
That others abuse or carelessly use  
Its comforts if we are not near.

## THE BONDMEN

It's in guarding things that our smile takes wings  
Though they bring us pleasures so fair.  
The automobile sheds joy that is real  
But the ownership brings us care.  
We use what we need without care or greed  
Of the street, the school and the park  
For everyone shares community cares  
And each is as free as a lark.

How we're tied to toil and the endless toil  
For the things we can do without!  
How they hold us there til we reap despair,  
With our protest wearing us out!  
How we wreck and rust with the money lust  
As we fear with a visage grim,  
When an empty cup that a heart holds up  
Is with blessings filled to the brim!

Oh, the years we spend and the wills we bend  
In commercial tricks of the strife!  
Like a nightmare dream, how empty they seem  
At the sunset end of a life!  
It's the hearts that bleed for tomorrow's need  
That with selfishness must corrode;  
If we travel light today will be bright—  
Let the hoarders carry the load!

## THE BONDMEN

When we keep the good and discard the ill  
We'll be making the earth more fair;  
By pooling our wares and pooling our cares  
We'll all have enough and to spare.  
The ownership clutch is what hurts so much  
And sprinkles the gall in our cup,  
But joys that we share put tang in the air  
Til the heart of the world looks up.

## SOUL MATES

Somewhere I have a sweetheart  
With a voice so clear and soft  
That in this world of music  
I have paused to listen oft;  
I hear her heart a-calling  
Like the cheery voice of spring.  
I'm sure to recognize her  
If but once I hear her sing.

A soothing, sweet contralto  
Ever hovers near my ears,  
With all the subtle pathos  
Born of patience, mirth and tears.  
She comes from out the dreamland  
Where our truant fancies play,  
And often sings to cheer me  
When the barriers close the way.

## SLANG

I'm the word that makes you tingle  
When I whisper in your ear,  
And you're sure to understand me,  
For my tongue is free and clear  
From the hobbles of convention  
That would have us all express  
In the chaste and chilly diction  
Of Bostonian address.

I abbreviate the message  
Lexicographers indite,  
Then I put the ginger in it  
Til it's hot enough to bite;  
Just to make mankind remember  
How I told them in a word  
While grammaticism fumbled  
Through a sentence to be heard.

## SLANG

When an acrobatic preacher  
Wants to tell it with a punch,  
And yet make us pay admission  
While he damns the human bunch,  
It's of me he seeks instruction  
In the brief and brighter ways  
That impel the world to listen  
And take note of what he says.

How I love the homeless gamins!  
Ever near to chide or cheer  
While they're learning self-reliance  
In Convention's school of fear.  
Oft the hoary head of learning  
Pauses with a knowing look  
Just to glean a word of wisdom  
From my living, human book.

Pious matrons oft admire me,  
Though they hide it all the while,  
Lest they strain their laundered faces  
With a kindly human smile;  
But down in their hearts they love me  
With my pointed timely hit,  
And would wear me on their bonnets  
If the fashions would permit.



## SLANG

Oft I change the situation  
That seems rooted in despair  
Into optimistic laughter  
With a word that clears the air;  
And I almost tempt to freedom  
Slaves of precedent held fast  
To the bones and empty bottles  
In the back yard of the past.

Many years my witty children  
Have amused the passing throng,  
While conservators pedantic  
Told the world that they were wrong,  
Til some dictionary maker  
Took them in when they were old,  
Leaving younger ones to gambol  
With the goats outside the fold.

## THE DIM TRAIL

(A true story)

At the old mining camp of Pierce City  
In the mountains of fair Idaho  
Where the gravel of rich Oro Fino  
Gave the world so much gold long ago,  
There is many a grizzled old vet'ran  
With the lure of gold still in his heart,  
And the love of adventure and freedom  
That the big burly mountains impart.

One of these was Jack Sprague with the whiskers,  
And two dogs always close at his heel—  
Just a trail-hardened giant of sinew,  
But from where he was loth to reveal.  
Both his dogs seemed to share his aloofness;  
They were always as quiet as he.  
Oft they came from the mountains in silence,  
And in silence departed the three.

## THE DIM TRAIL

Did he prospect for gold in the summer;  
Did he trap on the deep winter snow,  
Those two dogs were his constant companions,  
Though his grubstake was often so low  
That the dogs would catch pheasants and rabbits,  
And though hungry they never would eat  
Til they shared with him all their good fortune  
And had laid the game down at his feet.

Now it happened one day in the springtime  
When the rivers were on the rampage,  
That old Jack hit the trail from Bald Mountain  
With his furs, when the rip and the rage  
Of the North Fork in foam and in fury  
Turned the travelers up stream from the ford  
To the place where the current was slower,  
And the raft where they all got aboard.

But the water-soaked raft was unwieldy  
And the punting pole snapped with the stream,  
Then the craft with its crew and its cargo  
Just dissolved like a photoplay dream.  
Now the dogs with their heads to the current  
Battled on and at last reached the shore,  
But the river drew Jack to its bosom,  
And he didn't come up any more.

## THE DIM TRAIL

Now another old trapper was watching  
From the bank of the opposite shore,  
But was helpless to render assistance  
Or to make himself heard in the roar  
Of the waters, but still he was ready  
With a hand for the dogs lest they fail;  
But he knew that Old Jack was now camping  
At the far-away end of the trail.

Just two weeks had now gone when the trapper  
Who had cared for the dogs since that day  
Came again on the trail to the North Fork  
And had camped for the night by the way,  
When the dogs searched the shore of the river  
In an effort to pick up the trail  
Of Old Jack, who had suddenly left them—  
For they didn't know why he should fail.

And yet one of the dogs seemed to *sabe*  
As in silence he gazed from the shore  
At the place where his master had vanished  
And then didn't come back any more.  
Then he seemed to see something that called him,  
For without even shifting his eyes  
He plunged eagerly under the water  
Where he made not an effort to rise.

## THE DIM TRAIL

But they fished him out limp and unconscious,  
And at last he returned with a sigh  
From the trail that led over the border,  
And without even protest or cry  
He lay down in dejection and silence,  
To rise up the next day at the dawn  
And again go to gaze at the river,  
And the spot where his master had gone.

With the same wistful look of enquiry  
Came the light again into his eye,  
And he seemed to know where he was going,  
For without even making a cry  
He walked slowly out into the river  
To the arms of the current that drew  
A true friend to the camp where the visions  
Of good dogs and their masters come true.

## EXAMPLE

Live a song of joy and gladness  
And we'll try to hymn the tune,  
And we'll run with love to meet you  
Like the smiling face of June.  
But we turn with other feelings  
From the rigid righteous few  
Who would supervise our morals  
And instruct us what to do.

If you hang your lofty precepts  
Close at home to contemplate  
And just live the finished product,  
We'll be glad to imitate.  
For the things that make us happy  
Lead us up to Brotherhood,  
And the things that we're admiring  
Are the things that make us good.



## WANDERLUST

It beckons from the breakers  
And the dimly distant sail,  
And from the smokey finger  
On the steamer's fading trail.  
I hear it in the ratlines;  
And the capstan's clanking tunes  
Are tattling of the Yukon  
And of coral reef lagoons.

The wild geese honk about it  
In the stillness of the night,  
En route to bright tomorrow  
On their migratory flight.  
From mountain peaks I hear it  
In the distant rumbling train,  
With whistle faintly calling  
Me to hit the trail again.

## WANDERLUST

The schoolboy hears it calling  
In the voice of early spring—  
He don't quite understand it,  
But it makes him want to fling  
His books into the river  
And then start out to explore,  
With naked feet just itching  
For the river's other shore.

The floating mirage calls me  
To the desert's silent ways,  
And gaunt suhuara fingers  
Seem to beckon in the haze.  
Again I see the moonlight  
Over bygone camping scenes,  
And I talk of float and pay-ore  
While my partner boils the beans.

The treasure seeker feels it  
As he throws the diamond hitch,  
And follows where it leads him  
Though he never strike it rich;  
He burys all his failures  
With the setting of the sun  
And starts again tomorrow  
As if life had just begun.

## WANDERLUST

Sometimes the merchant hears it,  
And he longs to take a chance  
Beyond the straining city  
With its dollar-deviled dance.  
The call's as old as Neptune  
With his trident-pointed spear  
Of Will, and Love and Freedom  
That delivers us from fear.

It whispered to Columbus  
And the men of forty-nine;  
To missionaries, pirates,  
And to all who had the spine  
To follow where it led them  
Over land and over sea,  
And in the school of action  
Seek "The Truth that makes you free."

## RAGTIME

Play the dulcet notes for dreamers  
When they ask you for a tune,  
And the lute for lazy lovers  
As they sigh beneath the moon.  
But the men of deeds and action  
Like a jingle to their song—  
Just to keep their voices merry  
And their hearts forever strong.

It's the soul within the cymbals  
When the circus riders come;  
It's the courage in the soldier  
When he hears the martial drum;  
And the tune that makes the dancers  
Measure time without a flaw,  
With their troubles all forgotten,  
Is old "Turkey in the Straw."

## SANTA CLAUS

'Twas Christmas Eve; the westbound train was loaded;  
The goodwill spirit brooded o'er with cheer,  
While homing-hearted men with parcels laden  
Reached out in thought to touch the greeting near.  
Their far-off seeing eyes were shining gladness  
On visioned firesides waiting those who roam,  
Aglow with dimpled smiles and childish prattle,  
And all that feeds the sacred fire of home.

They paused at every little town and hamlet  
To let some happy Santa Claus alight.  
Then, when the homing birds had all departed  
The unhomed ones curled up to face the night.  
A silent man reviewed again the vision  
Of days before the heavy hand of fate  
Had taken back the chubby boys she gave him  
And then in treason lured away his mate.

## SANTA CLAUS

Across the aisle behind their widowed mother,  
Two ringlet-headed girls of active brain  
Sought eagerly to have her solve the problem  
“Would Santa Claus know they were on the train;  
Then how could he come in without a chimney?  
I fink he’ll truly come tonight, don’t you?  
I want a doll wif curly hair and ribbons,  
Dat shuts her eyes; and choclut candy too.”

Unsatisfied with her evasive answers  
They closed their eyes til she had reached her seat,  
Then plottingly they put their heads together  
And slyly slipped a stocking from their feet.  
With reaching arm and one white limb uncovered  
They each hung up a stocking on the hook;  
Then cuddled close in sweet undoubting slumber,  
Like nestlings in a sheltered cozy nook.

The man looked on with sympathetic pleasure,  
Then conjured up their heavy hearts forlorn  
When they should wake to ruthless disappointment  
Awaiting at the dawn of Christmas morn.  
He saw their trusted idol fall and shatter,  
While sobbing Will held back their pent up tears;  
He heard a voice within his heart commanding:  
“They shall not lose their faith of childhood years.”



## SANTA CLAUS

He rose in haste and sought the train conductor  
To have him wire an order down the line  
For dolls, and other things, "To be delivered  
Aboard this train now coming in on time."  
When they had reached the end of that division  
A messenger came swiftly in the door,  
And in his ample arms he seemed to carry  
The trimmings of a fairyland and more.

He filled the stockings full to overflowing  
And placed the dolls beside them on the seat;  
In fear lest he awake them or the mother,  
He placed the other parcels near their feet.  
Again he took his seat beside the window .  
Determined he'd a Christmas vigil keep,  
But when his eyes grew heavy with the watching  
He slipped away on happy dreams to sleep.

When daylight came the little tots awakened  
And rubbed their eyes to find out where they were,  
Then when they saw the toys and dolls beside them  
Their peals of Christmas gladness filled the air.  
"He tumbled! He tumbled! I knowed he'd tum and find us,  
For Santa knows it when we go away."  
But Oh, the lonely heart that did the giving,  
How warm it felt in solitude that day!

## THE COFFEE MILL

There's a welcome cheer in the call I hear  
From the kitchen coffee mill.  
Such a happy sound as the mill turns round  
With its grist of home good-will!  
It rattles of toys and of prattling boys,  
And a mother's morning hail;  
And of buckwheat cakes with syrup that takes  
Us back to the fledgling trail.

Such a homey sound as the mill turns round!  
You know how it makes you feel;  
How you shut your eyes to visualize  
The scene on memory's reel.  
"It's all ready, John, set the coffee on;  
And, Maggie, set up the chairs"  
Let's tarry a bit! Oh, the joy of it,  
To eat without any airs!

## THE COFFEE MILL

Such a cozy sound as the mill turns round!  
How we stretch our lazy legs;  
How we toast our toes while the baby crows  
And the Mis'ess frys the eggs.  
It's a cheerful prayer on the sunrise air,  
In tune with the hand that turns;  
And it lights the way for the coming day  
While the fire of freedom burns.

Such a prosp'rous sound as the mill turns round!  
The world a-treatin' us fine;  
And the cows look well and the crops foretell  
A bounteous harvest time.  
Don't you hear it cluck? Don't it say, "Good Luck,"  
As we start another day?  
Don't our spirits bounce when the hens announce  
Results of their morning lay?

Such a kindly sound as the mill turns round!  
The same wherever you roam.  
With plenty it rings and of peace it sings;  
It's the morning call of home.  
It's tone is the same in wealth or in fame,  
In shack, or in gilded hall;  
There's a common ground in that grinding sound;  
It's a universal call.

## THE SCHOOL OF LIFE

The mystic alchemists of old  
Who changed the baser things to gold  
But spoke a symbol of the law  
Of transmutation that they saw  
Could consciously be used by man  
To help The Great Creator's plan  
That leads us from unconscious dust  
Up through the school of strife and lust,  
That we might grow to choose and will,  
And learn alone to climb the hill  
Of Vibratory Law supreme  
That speaks through all creation's dream,  
From stone, and life within the sea,  
To plant and man and things to be.

## THE SCHOOL OF LIFE

The lower school of concrete things  
In tones of weight and outline sings,  
Til wind and frost, and sun and rain  
Have raised them to a higher plane  
Where they organic rates assume  
To speak in color and perfume.  
The joy of living now begun,  
The roses turn to face the sun,  
And dew-desiring lillies fair  
Lift up their chaliced lips in prayer;  
While pines that bend before the breeze,  
And waving plants beneath the seas  
Foretell that they will yet be free  
To move at will o'er land and sea.

Then what is done by force of fate  
Becomes a habit soon or late;  
And this in turn develops will  
To seek the good and bear the ill.  
But Will alone is always blind  
Until it lights the torch of Mind.  
Then mind-directed will creates  
The things that Life anticipates;  
Til with the voice of rock and flower  
Are heard the tones of harnessed power  
In moving things upon the earth  
That bring us good, and grief and mirth.  
Then Mind and Will lead into strife  
About the needful things of life.



## THE SCHOOL OF LIFE

For Mind can never reach the heights  
Without a heart that feels the rights  
Of other units in the school  
Where next we learn The Golden Rule.  
Because unguided by the heart  
We soon would learn destructive art,  
And tread beneath our selfish feet  
All opposition that we meet,  
And live the law that makes of life  
A battlefield of hungry strife  
Where but the strongest could survive  
And leave at last but one alive  
Among his fallen foes to stand  
A final victor in the land.

But ere this law has run its course  
A higher Law will be in force.  
From sorrow-softened hearts will spring  
A sympathy that man will sing  
In soundless tones of music, and  
That all that lives will understand—  
When in the heart this tone is heard  
The tongue may speak The Master's Word.



## THE BABBLING BROOK

I have loved a mountain streamlet  
Where the huckleberries grow,  
And she's smiling, heart-beguiling  
As she whispers soft and low,  
"Don't you see the purling eddy  
Where the speckled beauties lie?  
Don't be wishing! Let's go fishing!  
Cut a pole and cast a fly!

"Never mind the dreary tunnel;  
Come today and be my pard.  
Oh, the devil! On the level,  
It don't pay to work so hard.  
Don't you hear the pheasant drumming  
In the thicket near the shore?  
He don't hurry; he don't worry,  
And his heart is never sore."

## THE BABBLING BROOK

O that careless calling gurgle  
As she frolics in the sun!  
“Come and see me! Come and see me!  
For there’s nothing can be won  
Til you leave your doubts behind you  
And forget yourself at will.  
Come awhistling! I’ll be listening,  
Bid your troubled heart be still!”

See her flaunt that foamy feather  
Where the smoother waters lie!  
How she’s flirting, care-diverting,  
With a challenge in her eye!  
Then she sprinkles notes of music  
That the canyon echoes know,  
While she’s luring, joy-assuring—  
What’s the use! I’ll have to go!

## THE REAPER

Go wake the keeper at the gate!  
The reaper comes with sword of fate  
To pierce the nation's stony heart  
With warfare's keen relentless dart,  
And halt the cold progressless tread  
Of peoples by tradition led  
Through depths of poverty and pain,  
While rulers waste their unearned gain.

Before he fills the earth with joy  
He will like noxious weeds destroy  
The rule of gold and priests and kings  
That fills the earth with cumbrous things.  
Our golden calves and temples fair,  
And man-made laws that hold us where  
We throw a cloak about the heart  
To play a hungry villian's part.

## THE REAPER

Turn not to grieve like faithless Lot  
O'er burning tares in pride begot!  
Mourn not the loss of concrete things  
Where only greed and power sings!  
Do not more friendships compensate  
The City by the Golden Gate,  
And bonds of brotherhood abide  
With those who suffered side by side?

The world no longer shall abide  
The lash of power and scorn of pride,  
Nor suffer wealth to reap and own  
The things the patient poor have sown.  
Where want and plenty correlate  
They smother love and cherish hate  
And make us long for much display  
While envy eats the heart away.

When rule of kings and dollars dies  
From out the wreck will Phoenix rise,  
And gentle as a mother's hand  
Sow blessings on a thirsty land.  
Prepare the ground! Go set the stage!  
Aquarius comes, the noble age,  
With flowing ewer that's never spent  
And knee in human kindness bent.

## BENDING THE TWIG

There's a hoary superstition  
That the duties of a son  
To the loving pair that rule him  
Til his manhood has begun,  
Should include the blind adoption  
Of their narrow-visioned plan  
That procrastinates the progress  
Of a knowledge-seeking man.

It's the boy that never wanders  
Far from home, but plays the part  
That his parents map out for him  
That must feel within his heart  
Many egotistic tempests  
From parental wisdom fed,  
Til no other source of knowledge  
Finds a welcome in his head.

## BENDING THE TWIG

They of rolling stones remind him,  
That they never gather moss;  
Then applaud his moss-back uncle  
Who is mourning o'er the loss  
Of the dime he gave the deacon  
When he thought it was a cent,  
As he carries swill to porkers  
With his back in penance bent.

They quote the homesick prodigal,  
That a boy who dares to roam  
Has days of care and husks for fare,  
And at last comes slinking home.  
Thus the daily grind will hold him  
Til his youthful fire has flown  
And he dare not think of starting  
Any venture of his own.

If they mention to him often  
To "Let well enough alone,"  
And to lay away his nickels  
Til he has enough to loan,  
He will soon become so saving  
He'll begrudge himself his meals,  
While a host of little worries  
Will be snapping at his heels.



## BENDING THE TWIG

Every painful pious preacher  
Will admire his toilsome days,  
And the sewing-circle gabsters  
Compliment his steady ways;  
While conservatives and cowards  
Strew his path with stumblingblocks  
Of inherited opinions  
Most severely orthodox.

When his family gathers round him  
Just before he leaves the earth,  
At the Pearly Gates he'll rally  
To enquire what pork is worth.  
When he hears the angels singing  
On that bright celestial morn  
He'll come butting in the chorus  
Singing Dollars, Hogs and Corn.

There's a store of living wisdom  
For the travel-loving heart  
That the home-deluded parent  
Is unable to impart.  
There's a poise that comes by treading  
Many paths of love and strife  
That will make us better players  
On the harp of human life.

## THE MILLER

He stands by the hopper a thousand years  
And marks the time but a day;  
In the mills of the gods he grinds the grist  
That history stores away;  
He grinds the failures humanity makes  
And mingles them with the good,  
Then leaves us to find with the heart and mind  
The secret of brotherhood.

The gold of Mammon, the helmet of Mars,  
Promoters of pride and pain;  
The tainted ermine, the clerical robe,  
He grinds with the common grain.  
When the hour falls no penitent calls  
Will move the guard at the gate.  
The false and the true, they must all pass through  
His hands to the mills of fate.

## THE MILLER

At crest of the tide of Babylon's pride  
Like a sentinel he stood;  
Then left but a name of departed fame,  
Lest evil outgrow the good.  
He saw with a smile the banks of the Nile,  
And scope of Egyptian sway.  
He scattered the race! Sowed sand on the place  
Where bones of the Pharaohs lay!

But barren the race and barren the place  
Both must lie fallow an age;  
Til the soil outlives and the world forgives  
The blot on history's page.  
When the hurt we feel from the tyrant's heel  
Is lost in forgetfulness,  
Then a nobler race in a chastened place  
Will prosper, and love and bless.

But the ripest harvest he's grinding now  
From Mammon's Piscean store;  
And he'll grind it clean for his eyes have seen  
Aquarius at the door.  
The exploiter's power he'll grind in an hour  
In the twilight of the kings,  
For he's grinding fine, and he grinds on time  
The grist that the cycle brings.

## THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

(These events are said to have actually taken place in the court of Judge Ben Lindsey at Denver.)

When the court was in midst of a session  
And the lawyers held forth *pro* and *con*;  
And the bailiff tiptoed with discretion,  
And the newspaper men scribbled on,  
Just a barefooted boy thrust his head in  
Past the door of that sacred domain,  
Said he wanted to speak, just a minute,  
To the Judge, and to him he'd explain.

Now the bailiff was shocked into action  
When the urchin had dared to intrude.  
To disturb the profound suit of Dollars  
*Versus* Dollars was shockingly rude.  
"We will now have recess a few moments,"  
Said the Judge in the midst of the case,  
"I must help this young man with his problem  
That has marked so much care on his face."

## THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

Then he beckoned the newsboy up to him,  
While the lawyers looked on with dismay,  
And he bowed down his head in attention  
While he heard what the lad had to say.  
With a love that is born of true friendship,  
And a confidence almost divine,  
Spoke the orphan boy as to a father  
As he started his case to define.

“At the corner where I sell my papers  
The policeman who used to be there  
Let me sell to the folks on the street cars  
From the steps, if I always took care  
To keep out of the way and not holler,  
And not crowd myself in at the door—  
But they’ve transferred that other policeman  
And the new one won’t let me no more.”

Then the judge asked with solicitation,  
“Now just what would you have me to do  
To relieve the constrained situation  
That’s between that policeman and you?”  
“I just thought you might write an injunction,”  
Said the boy with a serious air,  
“That would make him sit up and take notice,  
And he’d know that he had to play fair.”



## THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

Now the judge thought a moment in silence,  
Then he turned to the Clerk of the Court,  
“An injunction blank, please,” said His Honor,  
Then he wrote of the newsboy’s report  
To the officer, asking his friendship,  
And his co-operation and care  
For the newsboy who sold on his corner  
And who trusted all those who played fair.

Just the bold printed letters “Injunction”  
Gave the missive an aspect severe  
As he handed it down to the newsboy  
With the words, “This will keep the track clear.”  
Then the boy left as proud as old Caesar,  
While a purpose held eye and moved limb,  
Til he found the police on the corner  
And had served the injunction on him.

When the officer saw the injunction  
He was somewhat disturbed for awhile  
Til the motive flashed out in the missive,  
Then his face lighted up with a smile.  
The policeman was really kindhearted;  
He had merely neglected to view  
The event from the newsboy’s position,  
But he now understood—Yes, he knew.



## THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

Then he stooped to shake hands with the newsboy  
As a token of friendship, and say,  
"From now on you and I will be allies,"  
And two lives became brighter that day.  
The policeman now says of the newsboy,  
"He will surely make good in the fight,"  
And the newsboy tells all of the kiddies,  
"The new cop on the corner's all right."

## THE PROCESS

It is fear that ever whispers  
    "Just let well enough alone,"  
And that fits eventless places  
    To the coward and the drone.  
But the steel that drills the granite  
    Must endure the furnace heat  
And the plunge in chilly waters  
    Ere its temper is complete.

So our victories and failures  
    At the kindly hand of fate,  
Help us train our vagrant motives  
    To that bright and happy state  
Where the heart is ever singing,  
    Though the wind blow north or south,  
And a smile is ever clinging  
    To the corners of the mouth.

## OLD SCORES

(A True Story)

On the field of Chancellorsville 'twas night,  
When a colored boy with a lantern bright,  
Peered into each face where the fallen lay  
Til he found his master who wore the gray.  
He carried the wounded warrior back  
To the rear of the lines, and a humble shack;  
Then he bound his wounds, and he soothed his pain,  
While he mothered him back to health again.

With a kindly heart he would cook and plan  
Just to lure the taste of the wounded man.  
With solicitation he'd often say,  
"Now what will you have for dinner today?"  
One day when the patient was feeling bright  
With returning symptoms of appetite,  
He said, "I am hungry enough to eat  
Some baked sweet potatoes with turkey meat."

## OLD SCORES

In the twilight shadows at close of day  
The colored boy vanished and stole away  
To forage in garden, and coop and pen,  
Til he found the "sweets" and a turkey hen.  
With a conscience clear and a rythmic stride  
He chuckled and ran to his master's side  
Where he laid his toothsome loot on the floor.  
While both of them laughed til their sides were sore.

Many years had shuffled along the path  
Of a colored man, when he faced the wrath  
Of a frowning judge in a court one day,  
Who asked if he had anything to say  
Before he was sentenced to pay a fine  
For stealing chickens; or maybe he'd sign  
A commitment giving him thirty days  
In which to consider his lawless ways.

"Now Judge," said the colored man, "If you will  
Just come back with me to Chancellorsville  
Where a colored boy with you on his back  
Strove on in the night til he reached his shack;  
Then when you thought you were able to eat  
He foraged a turkey and taters sweet.  
If foragin' turkey is right," said he,  
"Den chicken's de same, for dat boy was me."

## OLD SCORES

In silence the judge let the years roll back  
To gaze at the field and the humble shack,  
Til his eyes grew dim with the scene remote,  
And something rose like a lump in his throat.  
His official dignity came at last  
As he blew his nose with a warning blast:  
"I'll fine you a hundred dollars," said he,  
"And pay it myself. Now you may go free."

## THE CASE OF DEACON JONES

The good Deacon Jones with a dignified air,  
Declaimed in a manner some people call prayer;  
In which the good brothers seemed all to accord—  
A sort of advisory board to the Lord.

He spoke of the evil that other men do—  
Admitting the Lord might have known of it, too,  
And offered suggestions, as good deacons can,  
For saving the souls of degenerate man  
Regretting the trend of the people today  
To stray from the churchy and orthodox way.



## THE CASE OF DEACON JONES

His tones filled the air like a chorus of birds,  
While serving the Lord with a banquet of words.  
The platitudes rolled from his generous mouth,  
Like light fleecy clouds on a breeze from the South.  
At last he relaxed from an eloquent strain,  
That took his voice up to high C, and again,  
He let it glide back to a monotone where  
He drew in a breath to repeat the Lord's Prayer.

And when he came to where he said,  
"Give us this day our daily bread,"  
A Voice from deeps of Silence came  
And called aloud the deacon's name;  
And spoke the tones of living fire  
That sound when Truth has struck the lyre.

"Thou foolish man with senses dead,  
Why comest thou to Me for bread?  
Is not the land with plenty filled;  
With grape, and grain, and workmen skilled  
To cunningly transform the things  
Within the earth, and make them wings  
To speed thee on the path of Good  
That leads to Human Brotherhood?

## THE CASE OF DEACON JONES

“Since when have I appointed thee  
An arbiter of destiny?  
‘The cattle on a thousand hills.’  
The forests, mines, and all that fills  
The earth with Nature’s bounty free  
I gave to man, and not to thee.  
Does not the muzzle still adorn  
‘The ox that treadeth out thy corn’?  
Go feed thy brother’s little boy  
And give him back his childhood joy;  
And save him from that early doom  
That haunts the profit-making loom.

“Thou proud, ungrateful Pharisee,  
Thy costly robes offended Me  
When just beyond, with weary feet,  
A widowed sister crossed the street  
Unwelcomed at the temple door—  
So humble was the garb she wore.  
My church was never meant to be  
A home for wealth and luxury,  
But just a loving company  
As graced the shores of Galilee.

## THE CASE OF DEACON JONES

“Disband those liv’ried slaves of strife  
Ye own to threaten human life,  
And help you profit by the fear  
That cruel war is lurking near;  
And cease to train your boys to slay,  
With proud destruction holding sway;  
Or lead a deadly chase with joy  
To kill some foreign mother’s boy.  
Your noblest sires in war are slain,  
While profiteers at home remain  
And ply their trade with conscience cold  
To rob the weak and starve the old,  
And blight the land with graft that leads  
To darker days and darker deeds.

“Now Jones, my son, think not because  
I bid thee go and keep My laws,  
I would not gladly plead thy case  
If thou wert in thy victim’s place;  
To thee I give the task to right  
Thy brother’s wrongs with all thy might.

## • THE CASE OF DEACON JONES

“Then freely use the bread I gave,  
Nor need you either hoard or save,  
When you have learned to live in peace—  
‘Seed time and harvest will not cease;  
When competition’s curse is dead,  
No man need call to Me for bread.”

## CIRCULATION

The draught that's most refreshing from  
Unbridled streams is drawn;  
Not from impounded waters that  
Repine in scum and spawn.  
Our happiest occasions come  
Uncurbed by fear or lust,  
But hover near to bring us cheer  
When we have learned to trust.

The bloom that paints the cheek of youth,  
The eye that with it glows,  
But manifest the law of zest  
Where blood unhampered flows.  
The weight of years with all their tears  
Come when we try to mould  
And regulate to rigid fate  
Our loves, our friends, our gold.

## CIRCULATION

The voice that's most caressing when  
It's fetterless and free  
May fret and strain against the chain  
That binds it close to thee.  
Our most alluring virtues from  
Our freedom are begot,  
Beyond the interfering of  
The mandate "Thou shalt not."

The mind that plans and parries in  
Its efforts to assist  
In God Almighty's business will  
Be sure to feel the twist  
Of human limitations when  
It finds it cannot play  
To meet a case with easy grace  
From plans of yesterday.

The gold that carries gladness must  
Escape the static hoard  
Where Joy is slain by greed of gain  
And future fears are stored.  
The heart that's freed will not impede  
The stream where blessings flow,  
But give and take the things that make  
The happy soul to grow.



## CIRCULATION

The loves that lilting linger are  
The loves we leave most free;  
Not those we brand and then command  
To smile when we decree.  
The things we hug the hardest are  
The things that wound the heart,  
And joy that clings the closest is  
The joy that's free to part.

## THE ARRIVALS

Two boys set out to reach the goal  
Where mortals sometimes stand  
With wealth of gold, or laurel crown,  
Or scepter in the hand.  
The wreckage of aborted hopes  
Along their pathway lay.  
And none were near to give them cheer  
Or guide them on the way.

The elder forced his way ahead  
With elbow-thrust and heel  
Until he passed the lower rungs  
Where weaker mortals reel;  
He rode the prancing steed success  
And held aloft his head;  
He spurned the poor beneath his feet  
Who brought him daily bread.

## THE ARRIVALS

He gloried in his great success  
So early in the race,  
Til soaked with pride he could not hide  
He set a reckless pace;  
He bought a car and stocks at par  
And joined The Plunger's Club;  
His wife sat near with haughty sneer  
For girls who work or scrub.

One day an ague chilled his heart,  
His prancing steed went lame;  
The doctors swear his margins were  
Too short to play the game.  
Then came the blast; his case was past  
The point where grief atones;  
The wolves broke in with greedy grin  
To finish up his bones.

The younger boy had fumbling failed,  
But still he'd strive and try;  
He did not seem to catch the step  
Of victors passing by.  
He'd often sink at failure's brink  
And sometimes hesitate,  
Then rest awhile and force a smile  
To meet the rod of fate.

## THE ARRIVALS

Disaster left him bleeding in  
The valley of defeat;  
He just let go and waited for  
"The rest that is so sweet;"  
He dreamed he heard a siren voice  
That soothed his fevered brain:  
She sang of battles yet unfought  
And whispered, "Try again."

He rose and slowly bound his wounds  
And hummed the siren's strain  
While cautiously he started in  
To plan a new campaign.  
His bygone failures marched before  
To mark each pit and snare,  
Til ancient hopes revived again  
The will to do and dare.

The hill was steep; the trail was bad;  
He oft relaxed in play  
Or spoke a cheering word to those  
He passed along the way.  
At last he reached the castle gate  
His struggles at an end;  
The goal was won, yet there were none  
So poor but called him friend.

## THE ARRIVALS

The tried and true rejoiced with him  
For failures he survived,  
And Dame Success stepped forth to bless  
The day that he arrived.  
In gratitude he turned again  
With happy smile and kind  
To face the rear where rose the cheer  
Of those he left behind.

## A MONTANA HALLOWE'EN

It was Hallowe'en and the boys were out  
And patiently changing the signs about,  
(In a mining camp, in their Western joys  
All the boys are men and the men are boys)  
When the women thought they would do their bit  
By adding some spice to the fun of it;  
Oh, the prank they plotted and carried out  
On some maiden ladies, prim and devout!

There are jokes that a man would think not right  
To play on the girls by day or by night;  
But when women march with a purpose clear,  
Woe be to the man who would interfere!  
So we stood aloof while they made their play,  
At a most respectful distance away;  
And one fellow said, that none could hire him  
To harass ladies so proper and prim.



## A MONTANA HALLOWE'EN

Then with silent tongues and with cautious feet  
(Just imagine silence when women meet!)  
They carried a ladder both long and light  
And a cotton banner rolled up so tight,  
To the hill where a modest building stood—  
A temple of bachelor-maidenhood—  
The ladder they placed 'gainst the house so trim  
Of the maiden ladies proper and prim.

Then a woman that a mouse could affright  
Climbed up that ladder without any light!—  
The banner she spread like a rising sail,  
(But of course, no woman could drive a nail!  
Screw hooks were better, so what was the use,  
When they knew that pounding would raise the deuce!)  
Oh, why should women delight to annoy  
Those dressmaking maidens demure and coy?

We wanted to see how the banner read,  
But the night was dark and the women said,  
"Just leave it alone and wait for the sun;  
Then all get up early and see the fun!"  
The women went tittering down the street,  
With well-covered faces and hasty feet.  
(To think that women would take such a spree  
To ruffle the calm of those spinsters three!"

## A MONTANA HALLOWE'EN

When the maids came out with the morning glow  
They saw just across on the street below  
A grinning crowd of both women and men.  
They couldn't see anything wrong, for when  
They felt and found out that their skirts were hooked,  
And their hats on straight, they just stood and looked.  
(If they'd just look up at that banner there!—  
I wonder if bachelor-maidens swear!)

But one of them screamed as she looked and saw  
The banner "Men Wanted," and then—Oh, pshaw!  
Just think of pullets with plumage awry  
Jumping the side of a barn for a fly!  
"How many d'you want?" some sinner sung out,  
Then the women joined and echoed the shout;  
No redder faces will ever be seen  
On those languid ladies so lank and lean!

They jumped and they clawed in their frantic haste;  
Then paused while each of them pulled down her waist,  
Then jumped again like the hen for the fly—  
But what was the use! The thing was too high!  
Then one of them said, "Oh, for Heaven's sake,  
Let's go to the woodshed and get the rake!"  
They yanked it down, then they sped up the path—  
Those bachelor maidens in righteous wrath.

## A MONTANA HALLOWE'EN

For many a week—so the women say—  
Those maidens stayed in the house through the day.  
They'd hardly answer the telephone bell  
For fear some joker would give them—Well,  
A loveless truth that is hard to deny  
Is enough to make any maiden shy!  
In solitude only they felt secure—  
Those bachelor ladies prim and demure.

Though the grins and leers and temper and tears  
Have all been dissolved in the fading years,  
I will smile again when that sign is seen,  
And recall a Montana Hallowe'en,  
To imagine three frantic figures there  
Assaulting the thing with rake in the air.  
I fear such visions will ever persist  
As long as bachelor maidens exist.

## THE IDEAL

The captain of thy bark am I,  
Whom Youth defends with flashing eye  
When rigid Age would hold them back  
To Custom's narrow, beaten track  
Where Inspiration's voice is hushed;  
And early hopes are early crushed  
Beneath the slow, eventless tread  
Of leaders by tradition led.

Parental law on riches bent  
(The father of thy discontent)  
Oft sends thee forth to bootless chase,  
Until I teach thee to retrace;  
Oft binds a boy with books about  
To make a lawyer of a lout,  
While poet tuned to lyric fine  
Must drive the plow or herd the swine.

## THE IDEAL

Without me toil unstrings the lyre  
O'er graves of hope and youthful fire  
Till haste begets a nervous pace,  
And sulky care belines the face.  
Like chargers tethered on the grass  
Thy bounds are set; ye may not pass  
From office-desk, or farm, or mart,  
Or household cares that break thy heart.

Leader am I, in vain pursued  
By those with old regrets imbued;  
Or those who fear some coming day  
Might take the things they have away.  
How can I lead to pastures green  
If future cares obstruct the scene;  
Or guide thy bark to joy away  
With anchor deep in yesterday?

My chart I limit to today;  
I the compass; I point the way  
That leads up out of sore distress  
To brighter days of happiness.  
Awaiting in thy heart I stand  
And long to lead thee by the hand  
To health, and hope, and pleasures free.  
Cast off thy load and follow me!



## THE HUCKLEBERRY BUNCH

It was nearly night when I came in sight  
Of their Rhodes Creek camping place;  
But welcome was there to tingle the air,  
And it shone from every face.  
They said, "Take a bite with us here tonight  
And let other tasks go by."  
(I never have yet evaded a bet  
On chicken fixin's and pie.)

To see Teddy look at the bites I took!  
And Mrs. Lamont stood by,  
And Michels was there with long braided hair  
While I surrounded the pie.  
We talked and we ate till the hour was late—  
Too late to travel at night.  
I made me a lair of pine needles where  
I slept till the morning light.



## THE HUCKLEBERRY BUNCH

When Wilbur came back with trout in his sack  
And they were fried to a turn—  
(Unless you've been there and tasted the fare  
You sure have something to learn.)  
To see him and Babe and Ted how they played—  
(I see them yet as a dream)  
They tussled and tugged and wrestled and hugged  
Like a bear-cub football team.

There's a bug comes out to forage about  
As the evening campfire glows;  
Though no song he sings, the odor he brings  
Just puts a crimp in your nose.  
When you squeeze him hard he plays his trump card—  
You think you've opened a can  
Of old rotten teeth, or something beneath  
The modest mention of man.

Before we found out this bug was about  
We looked through our luggage where  
We dared to suspect or feared to detect  
Some source of polluted air.  
In silence so thick 'twould stir with a stick  
Each glanced with a sidelong eye.  
Why shouldn't we shout to find the bug out?  
We now had an alibi.

## THE HUCKLEBERRY BUNCH

We shipped all our things up to Sardine Springs.  
By mule the very next day,  
Where berries were thick, and easy to pick,  
And where we wanted to stay.  
Now at Sardine Springs are rabbits and things  
That play and romp through the night.  
(On the midnight air they might be a bear—  
At least we fancied they might.)

To nourish our fears we strain with our ears  
Till whispers ring like a shout;  
And the shadows creep while we're half asleep,  
And the campfire dozes out.  
The women made clear that they felt no fear,  
And yet they all had a hunch  
They'd feel more secure and would sleep more sure  
If I'd sleep nearer the bunch.

So I moved my bed; we lay head to head,  
And thought our troubles were o'er,  
But when morning came I learned to my shame  
The women all heard me snore  
With a snort and puff and roar loud enough  
To silence a thunder storm.  
I hope they forgive, for sure as I live  
I'll do my best to reform.

## THE HUCKLEBERRY BUNCH

There's a hornet's nest near the mountain crest,  
Mrs. Michels found it out;  
She stepped on the thing! They set out to sting,  
And put the whole bunch to rout.  
She jumped like a doe—got stung just below  
The knee, but clung to her pail;  
Then Wilbur and I and Babe scurried by  
Like rabbits hitting the trail.

On a home-made sled with berries and bed  
And all our stuff on the load  
We moved from the ridge to Rhodes Creek bridge  
Down a rocky mountain road.  
Though the sled was full 'twas a down-hill pull  
And we hitched the whole darn crew  
In a tandem team, like a freighter's dream,  
And then we came sailing through.

Then Charley drove out and showed us about,  
And brought Mrs. Carey, too;  
For he seemed to know where big berries grow,  
And soon our fingers were blue.  
Then he and his wife and we with a knife  
Cleared a space to turn his car,  
While his children three sat under a tree  
And viewed the scene from afar.

## THE HUCKLEBERRY BUNCH

Oh, that sudden shower in that midnight hour!

“The tent!” we cried in despair.

“It’s under our bed,” so the women said.

“Then let’s yank it out from there!”

In full evening dress like flags in distress

Our garments fluttered and flared,

But up rose the tent and in it we went

Like gophers suddenly scared.

It’s the chaff and cheer of companions near

That puts the pep in today,

Till our cares take flight and the eye grows bright,

And all of our work seems play.

It’s the untamed hills that our spirit thrills;

From flowers we learn how to smile,

While the gurgling streams will mother our dreams

Of the things in life worth while.

## INCENTIVE

A nimble hound pursued a deer  
Where rippling waters sparkled clear,  
Then up through tufts of mountain grass  
Toward the far summit of the pass;  
And, marking time with graceful spring,  
He made the terraced canyon ring  
With all that canine tongue could voice  
Of things that make the heart rejoice.

Another dog as swiftly ran,  
But on his tail he bore a can;  
And in that can the secret lay  
Of all the speed he made that day.  
He feared the can; he feared his tail;  
He feared the echo of his wail;  
For when he twisted toward the rear  
He saw his cause of action near.

What matters it how fast we go  
Through tangled weeds of weary woe  
If every struggling step is strife  
Against pursuing ills of life?  
There is no rapid pace that kills  
When there's a cherished hope that fills  
The heart with life; but death is due  
When we have nothing to pursue.



## PROBATION

When their married life exploded  
They discovered it was loaded  
    With potencies they didn't know were there.  
They were hedged with limitations  
And with ownership relations  
    That man imposes on a married pair.

How they longed for legislation  
That would give emancipation  
    From matrimonial strife and discontent;  
That would make the married station  
A conditional relation  
    Depending on their mutual consent.

Now, if both were on probation  
They'd review the situation;  
    Each wond'ring if the other could be led  
To desire a life extension—  
But they'd view with apprehension  
    The many things they wish they'd never said.



## PROBATION

She'd examine her complexion;  
He'd restrain his harsh inflection,  
    Lest Cupid with his glances swift and bold,  
Would divert their fond affection  
In some contraband direction,  
    And let the dove of peace escape their fold.

Then when hubby came home early  
She would smooth his hair so curly,  
    And place his slippers near the easy chair;  
Till from pate to solar plexus  
He would swell with joy infectious,  
    To resurrect his check book then and there.

Then the wife would with elation,  
Get a beautiful creation  
    That milliners so artfully compile,  
And become the admiration  
Of the entire congregation,  
    And gracefully go marching up the aisle.

Let's give each some occupation,  
And the same remuneration,  
    Where Mammon has no mortgage on their life.  
For an equal chance of earning  
To appease a present yearning,  
    Removes their most insistent cause of strife.

## PROBATION

With no shackles left on Cupid  
They would see how very stupid  
    To tolerate an attitude of strife;  
They'd adjust each matter *pronto*,  
For they neither one would want to  
    Exterminate the greatest good in life.

Now don't raise the question whether  
Those whom Love has joined together  
    Would ever lose their heads and start to roam;  
For there's no domestic battle  
Between Hell and hot Seattle  
    Could last where Love is master of the home.

Not the fence they can't get over  
Keeps the piglets in the clover;  
    It's love of right conditions holds them there.  
But restrained in bonds unholy  
It will dawn upon them slowly  
    To break away and seek a cleaner lair.

Now don't let some committee  
Eat its heart all out with pity  
    Lest other people's children miss a meal;  
For there's something else they're needing  
And for which their hearts are bleeding  
    That bread alone can never make them feel.

## PROBATION

They'd be better in an alley  
Where the little gamins rally  
    To eat the crust of poverty in peace,  
Than when filled with milk and honey  
In a palace lined with money  
    Where cruel words and hatred never cease.

Give the state an occupation  
Raising children for the nation,  
    Unhampered by the sins of man and wife;  
Then each child will grow up cleaner,  
And more just in its demeanor,  
    To live a more constructive, useful life.

Then when two wish liberation  
From a galling situation  
    They part without a sorrow or a tear;  
Not compelled to lie like thunder  
When they cut the bond asunder,  
    Nor run away to Reno for a year.

## A BOY'S VIEW

The festal board was laden  
With all dainty things to eat,  
From frosted cakes and celery  
To the toothsome turkey meat.  
“And now, O Lord, we thank Thee,”  
Said the parent's solemn voice,  
“For these our many blessings  
We would praise Thee and rejoice.”

But little Joe was silent  
When his father ceased to pray,  
For he had killed a robin  
In his childish sport that day.  
His heart was heavy laden,  
For his bosom still was rent  
With burning recollections  
Of paternal chastisement.

He wondered if the Father  
Who would “Note the sparrow's fall”  
Was keeping track of poultry,  
Or of cattle in the stall.  
And if He loves the robin,  
With his song so clear and sweet,  
Why don't He care for turkeys  
And the things we kill to eat?

## THE PROFITEER

He grinned behind his greedy palm  
In joyous contemplation  
Of treasure won and plans begun  
For future exploitation.  
The war was o'er and no one more  
Would purchase his munitions,  
Except the state to regulate  
Industrial conditions.

He decked his lair with hide and hair  
Of coin-depleted nations,  
While serf and crown he still held down  
With endless obligations.  
He smiled and told how Europe's gold  
He got for his creations,  
While she went back to hold the sack  
For future generations.

## THE PROFITEER

Stern Mars with helmet in his hand  
Was slouching like a loafer  
Outside his guarded office door  
To beg a job as chauffeur.  
Miss Lust was his stenographer—  
He thought she looked bewitchin'—  
While Venus with an apron on  
Was working in his kitchen.

Sweet Cupid held a broken bow  
And mourned the many sorrows  
Of those who toiled, of love despoiled  
By hunger-haunted morrows.  
“The World,” said he, “must come to me  
And purchase my permission  
Before they start in any part  
To alter their condition.

I'll wave my patriotic wand  
To keep my debtors toiling,  
(My censor's thumb will hold them dumb,  
And keep the job from spoiling,)  
And organize the human race  
I've bound with obligations;  
Then have the press proclaim the mess  
A pious League of Nations.



## THE PROFITEER

In strong duress I hold the press  
    'Neath thumb of my advisers—  
To make her sing I pull the string  
    That holds her advertisers.  
To orthodox salvation plants  
    I have no strong objection;  
For what they preach, and live and teach  
    Just suits me to perfection.

I may decide to open wide  
    The gates to immigration,  
And then bring in my friend Ah Sin  
    To help me bleed the nation;  
Or else I'll make the women take  
    The toil, in my ambition  
To own the earth, and use its worth  
    To strengthen my position.

When Congress gets inquisitive  
    And talks investigation,  
I use the magic power of gifts  
    To soothe the situation.  
The tax collector I escape  
    Through clerical devices  
That safe protect and help collect  
    My patriotic prices.

## THE PROFITEER

But yet I fear the time is near  
When some precocious nation  
Will learn that gold is not the mould  
That formed the whole creation.  
So when at last my day has passed  
I'll quit the world I shivered,  
And start again in that domain  
Where damned are all delivered."

## TEACHERS

A pessimist with mouldy mind  
Reviewed the sins of humankind,  
And spoke in deep didactic tone  
Of "Wrath to come" for "Hearts of stone."  
Some hesitated near the spot;  
Some passed him by and heard him not.  
The friendless poor came to his side,  
Then went their way unsatisfied.

An optimist moved with the throng,  
His eye a hope, his voice a song.  
His love leaped forth to foul or good;  
He lived the life of brotherhood.  
And busy Manhood paused awhile  
To learn the lesson of his smile,  
And Childhood brushed aside a tress  
To mirror back his happiness.

## LAUGHTER

I bear on my wings those enjoyable things  
That the sunlight whispers about;  
I banish the fear and I cherish the cheer,  
And I put the devils to rout.  
When trials come in with their troublesome grin,  
With a joke I put them to flight.  
I flutter the reins till I drive out the pains,  
And the heart gives way to delight.

I send on the run with his head full of fun,  
Every school boy bound for his play;  
I toss up the curls of the lighthearted girls  
On a picnic or holiday;  
I rise from the ribs of the rollicking romp;  
And I tickle the toes that dance;  
I ripple and trill till the heart is athrill  
And thoughts that are kind have a chance.

## LAUGHTER

When lovers desert and her feelings are hurt,  
I just flutter her diaphragm  
Till sorrows depart, and she sings with a heart  
So light she don't care a —— "Sam,  
Lay out my new clothes and my transparent hose.  
I'll show them I'm happy," says she.  
The saucy-eyed maid! She went out on parade  
And caught other fish from the sea!

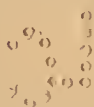
I shake up the lungs of the serious ones  
Till dignity loses its grip;  
I come to her aid till the prudish old maid  
Relaxes to limber her lip;  
I sit in the chair with the fat and the fair  
And rouse her internals to play;  
I rattle their hide till the shriveled and dried  
Have cackled their cares all away.

I light up the face of the whole colored race  
To ring out my tones on the air;  
I cheer them along as I mingle with song,  
And lighten the burden they bear;  
I float o'er the camp of both tourist and tramp  
Till solitudes echo again;  
I steal like a thief from the visage of grief  
The traces of failure and pain.

## LAUGHTER

I've brightened a page on the mem'ry of age;  
I've soared from the lips of a child;  
I've eased the restraint of the orthodox saint  
Till preachers have sparingly smiled;  
I've drawn from the hoard that a miser has stored  
The price of some frivolous toy;  
I've poked at their side till the pillars of pride  
Have threatened to shatter with joy.

We love to be near when the world is in cheer,  
And absent in care and in grief.  
The heart that will dare breathes a joy on the air;  
But he who complains is a thief.  
The blessings of earth may be drawn by our mirth,  
But not by our faltering tears;  
I'd rather be bad with a heart that is glad  
Than righteous with doubts and with fears.





## UNDER THE BANYAN

Beneath a Banyan tree one day  
An ancient sage sat by the way  
Where mortals passing to and fro  
Bear joy and sorrow as they go.  
Then, bowed beneath a heavy load,  
A weary traveler on the road  
Attracted by the sage's smile  
Threw down his pack to rest awhile.

"My friend, what hoard of treasures rare,"  
The sage enquired with pleasing air,  
"Did kindly fate on you bestow  
To carry everywhere you go?"  
"True, fate has placed upon my back  
The load I bear along the track  
Of Life," the traveler replied,  
"I always keep it by my side;  
But it contains no treasures rare;  
It is not even passing fair.  
It holds my troubles and my fears  
From long ago to future years."

## UNDER THE BANYAN

The sage with sunshine in his eye  
Said to him, "Won't you please untie  
That sack that's filled with bogies rare  
And let them have a little air,  
And if you air them in the sun  
I'll help repack them one by one."

Then when the pilgrim would resume  
His journey with his load of gloom  
The sage suggested that he see  
If in his pack there might not be  
Some useless weight that he would find  
Might just as well be left behind.  
Now when they had them spread about  
And looked at them to sort them out  
They found a soggy sorrow cold  
With years and tears, and must and mold.

"Why do you carry this about?"  
The sage enquired, and then spoke out:  
"If you such refuse would destroy  
You'd have more room to carry joy."  
Then next they found a host of fears  
That groped ahead for future tears,  
With care securely laid away  
All wrapped in worries of today.

## UNDER THE BANYAN

The traveler at last could see  
The sage was right, and that if he  
Forgot the past and lived today  
And let tomorrow keep away  
Until tomorrow's sun was here  
There might not be so much to fear.  
Then casting off his load of care  
He turned to see a vision fair  
Who beckoned as she led the way  
Among the roses of today,  
Where happy thought to action leads  
And grief is lost in kindly deeds.

Then all the smothered hopes of years  
Rose up to shame his puny fears,  
And eager as a little child  
He turned towards the sage and smiled,  
With load no longer on his back  
He never paused to take his sack,  
But started on with swinging stride  
And Joy was marching by his side.



WELLS  
PRESS



LONG BEACH  
CALIFORNIA









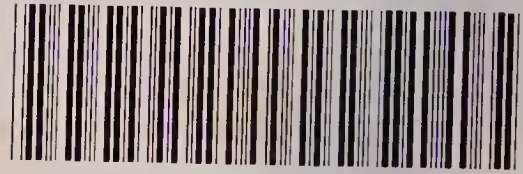




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